



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &amp; C.

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## ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

## Timothy Pipkin.

TRULY, it is a hard task to write a tale. I took my pen last night, it was from the wing of a bald eagle, but I could not write. I sought *plots*, but found none. I consumed much oil, wasted much paper, smoked many cigars, and went to bed.

The next morning, while luxuriating in my couch, as I am very apt to luxuriate and that long after the sun has risen, I bethought myself that it would be exceedingly sinful for me to foist upon the public a *lie*. No matter whether that lie might amuse or profit, still as a *lie*, it never can be excused. I am a Christian man, and Christianity does not deal in parables. I am a conscientious man, and the thought startled me.

Soberly, however, is there need that tale tellers should resort to fiction, when they weave the web of their cunning narrative? Can they imagine scenes of greater interest than, reality constantly presents? Would not the reader be more benefited by the recorded examples of flesh and blood, than by the exaggerated pictures of beings, whose thought, speech and action were unlike our own?

But what does all this prating amount to? Most lenient reader, it amounts to this, that the story you are now reading, is 'truth, every word truth.' The character of my hero is faithfully delineated. I have 'nothing extenuated, nor set down ought in malice.' Do not condemn the writer for selecting such an hero. I had no alternative. I have seen handsomer and better men, but when I requested the privilege of putting them in print, they solemnly assured me that they had been so repeatedly worked up, and by so many different authors, that they had now resolved to horsewhip, for an impertinent intermeddler, any man who should presume to bring them again before the public. So I have chosen Timothy Pipkin as my principal personage, because he is the only character I can draw, without the fear of a horsewhip before my eyes.

Timothy was the eldest son of Ezekiel and

Dorothy Pipkin, ancient and respectable inhabitants of a town on the seaboard of Connecticut. Ezekiel Pipkin could trace his genealogy to the emigrant Puritans, and boasted a sturdy line of godly ancestry. He kept a small store, and was enabled, by vigilance and economy, to live without debt, and to *live*. He was moreover one of the selectmen, and in this capacity, became a terror to all evil doers. Beside this, he was a Deacon, and very famous for sanctity, and long prayers. Dorothy was a housewife of no ordinary capabilities. She had many good parts, but was unfortunate in regard to the length and volubility of her tongue, which canvassed all subjects, and defied all rules. The introduction of Timothy to this vale of tears, was a matter of great moment to his worthy parents. Dr. Haggia Malachi Pierpont was present upon the occasion, and observing that there was something singular in the conformation of the infant's cranium, noted the same upon a blank piece of paper in his pocket book. Dr. Pierpont has since told me that he is a firm believer in the science of phrenology.

But be this as it may, Mrs. Dorothy Pipkin was well convinced that Timothy had within him the seeds of future eminence. Every thing he did, partook of the uncommon. In truth, the grisly pated urchin was old in mischief, while young in years. The school-master, Mister Amos Coiet, who then taught, and still teaches the district school of that region, solemnly declared, that in reading, spelling, writing and figures, young Pipkin had no equal, and that *if* he could eradicate his propensities for pranks of all kinds, he would undoubtedly become a leading man in the town of K— and perhaps a selectman or justice thereof. The '*if*' however, with which this declaration was accompanied, stood fatally between Timothy, and the likelihood of success. He became notorious as a boy who delighted in evil doing, and strange did it appear, that the son of a godly deacon should so incontinently depart from the practices of his fathers. Was a henroost entered, was an orchard pillaged, were the 'Squire's canary

birds let out, was a Methodist meeting disturbed by Indian whoops, and showers of stones, the offender could be no other than our hero, and though not a particle of evidence was adduced of his guilt, yet every one felt very well satisfied that, he was the aggressor. He shewed a perseverance too, in his mischief, as well as in every thing he undertook which was utterly unaccountable. Woe to the mortal who offended him; no length of time, no distance could preserve him from the sure revenge of one, who, though far from the indulgences of affluence, never knew what it was to be thwarted in his desires or plans. Full of cunning and imbued with energy, he willingly sacrificed personal quiet to accomplish his intentions. Matters, at length became so dark, that Deacon Pipkin was obliged to remove his son from the place, and with some difficulty procured him a situation in the store of a prosperous retail merchant in the city of New-York, an old friend of the Deacon, and one with whom he had considerable dealing. So that the village of K— was finally and happily delivered from the presence of this reprobate youth. Bidding farewell to that peaceful town, and digressing a little from the history of our hero, I shall introduce the reader to the personage under whose charge Timothy was now placed.

Samuel Saunderson started in life with little or nothing. His first attempt at trade was in a small grocery upon the corner of some street and alley, where he took in change from persons of all characters and colors. Increasing his means and being proverbially parsimonious, he amassed a sufficient capital to establish a retail dry good store, in which business he was flourishing most notably at the period where our history commences. As his wife was dead at the time, we shall not have the trouble of describing her, and will proceed forthwith to speak of his two daughters. Clarissa, the elder, was tall, graceful, and very handsome. She had completed her education at a boarding school. Whether she took a degree or not, as I observe is the case with young ladies at the West, I do not know. Certain it is, she was

very accomplished. The piano seemed to speak under her magic touch. She sang exquisitely. But, as I mean to adhere conscientiously to truth in this narrative, I must confess that Clarissa Saunderson was as devoid of moral culture, as she was fortunate in the ornamental acquisition of knowledge. She was very haughty, and very selfish, and out of her own family had few friends. She was a spoiled child, for strange to say, she was her father's favorite. Nothing could unlock the old miser's flinty habits of economy like a petition from Clarissa, and the young lady rarely neglected to profit by her advantage. Mary, the younger sister, though her father confined her to sewing, and knitting, and matters of housewifery, and had never sent her to '*boarding school*,' was a girl with whom I am sure the reader, if a young man, and possessing any susceptibility, would have fallen in love. Her features, though not as regular as Clarissa's, were more expressive of the heart; her mind far better cultivated; her manner, though free from hauteur, was both dignified and conciliating; She had very little of the romance with which young ladies are generally supplied, but having selected her reading with taste, had derived more profit than excitement from it. She possessed conversational powers of a very elevated character, being well informed, witty and ever at ease. Her cheerful temperament diffused a constant sunshine about her, and made all happy who came within the sphere of her influence. I have remarked that, 'strange to say, Clarissa was her father's favorite.' But no, it is not strange. Poor human nature is ever more caught by show than worth, and often cares least for that which is most valuable. Fancy affects the feelings and the conduct. How rarely uneducated men, like old Saunderson, are governed by their judgment.

Such was the family into which Timothy Pipkin was introduced, for Saunderson generally boarded his clerks in his own house, as he esteemed it cheaper and more convenient. Our hero was at this time about seventeen years of age, but nearly six feet in height. Never was a youth more uncouth in appearance. His bullet shaped head sustained a few white locks, straggling forth like furz from a barren mountain. His eyes were very small and sharp, barely visible between his over-hanging forehead, and the prominent protuberances of his cheek bones. His smile too, for our hero wore a constant smile, disclosed a crater like mouth, from which, when he spoke, sounds came forth, not unlike the rumbling premonitories of a Vesuvian eruption. This head with the body that supported it, bore no faint resemblance to the circular balls which usually surmount the pillars of a gentleman farmer's or church-

yard fence, in the country. Nevertheless he made his debut in the dining room, no more abashed than if perambulating a cornfield. He stared in every direction; now at the great pictures of Saunderson's father and mother, and father-in-law and mother-in-law, and of Saunderson himself and this deceased wife; and then at the mantle-piece and jambs, and the table and the girls. But, to hurry on from details, Timothy proved a very useful person in the store. He seemed to have outgrown his former mischievous habits. He was ready and obliging. Ere long, an amazing transformation occurred in the appearance of his outer man. He lost the stiffness of his manner, and the vulgarisms of his conversation. He became a New-Yorker. But I dread to proceed farther. Timothy was the victim of—*love*. A stray shaft from the bow of Cupid, or some other deity as it may appear, smote his gnarled bosom, Clarissa was the goddess at whose shrine he worshipped. I said that he was in love, but far be it from me so to disparage the character of my hero, as to intimate that he was captivated by personal beauty. Well did he know that the garment of physical loveliness must be devoured by the moth of time, that age steals from the eye its liquid light, and wrinkles succeed dimples upon the laughing cheek. His heart was in the treasure bags of old Saunderson. They would never fade. They possessed a multiplying power. Time, which loosens the bricks of the pyramid, and modifies or destroys governments, dims not the shining faces and bright wings of the merchants angels and eagles. Timothy loved *rationality* and ardently. But, alas, how dark was his prospect of success! The fair Clarissa and her sister were surrounded with a squadron of suitors. 'What shall I do?' thought our hero. 'The girl don't fancy me, that's certain. And what's worse I don't believe she knows I fancy her. If she could know *that*, in the first place, no matter if she should blow out a little; the idea would become familiar, and thus lose half of its repugnance. I'll try it at all events.'

Clarissa was surprised the same evening by a gentle tap upon the door. At the invitation of 'come in,' Mr. Pipkin advanced to the centre of the room, and seizing a chair, dragged it to her side. 'Miss Clarissa' said he, 'do you not consider it as most strange that, some persons should be so unwilling to "pop the question?" I have always looked upon this seeming unwillingness as sheer affectation. I presume you also do.' There being no answer, but a sincere look of surprise, Timothy proceeded. 'I make it a rule to practice what I believe is correct. Now I feel for you, and ever since I was introduced to you, I have felt a love that is inexpressible, and a desire to make you my

wife. Don't start from your chair in that style' for the lady casting on our hero a consuming glance, was already advancing to the door—'don't start and run, who knows whether you will ever have another chance? Remember the fable of the reeds, "a bird in the —" here a large door closed in the face of the supplicant. Timothy was not a man to be easily balked. He opened the door as soon as it was shut, but encountered the pussy form and wrathful visage of old Saunderson, who had overheard the conversation, and on whose arm Clarissa was clinging with well affected dismay. 'Out of my house' were the first words, 'Out of my house, you scoundrel. Offer yourself to my daughter, you unmannerly puppy! Insult her to boot, you vagabond! Away with you, villain! Why don't you start? Won't go! ha! here, Caesar, Tom, Peter,' three or four domestics rushed in, 'hand me that horsewhip. Put him out doors.' The servants hastened to obey their master, but an unexpected obstacle interposed. This was no other than our hero, who seizing himself the horsewhip, met Peter the foremost of the assailants, with a blow from his brawny arm which sent him reeling to the floor, and then set himself most industriously to flogging the others, who were too much terrified by the fearful fall of their comrade to offer any effectual resistance. 'And now' said Pipkin, pausing for a moment and very deliberately addressing Saunderson, who was preparing to shout '*Hatch*.' 'Open that defiled mouth of yours, and your age shall not deliver you from this horsewhip. I will leave your house, but as for you, Miss, I have made up my mind to take you for a wife. I shall therefore, as soon as I get into business, return to make new proposals. Reach me my hat, Peter, Miss Clarissa will give you some lint for your head. Good evening, worthy Saunderson, farewell sweet —.'

If my readers wish to learn any thing more of Timothy Pipkin, they must know that he embarked in a packet for Liverpool, and the ship being lost, it was supposed he went down with it. The people of K— very generally remarked, that they had always said he would come to some awful end, while Mr. Saunderson feelingly observed, 'it was good enough for him.'

In the meantime, good luck favored the old merchant. All his enterprizes were successful. Wealth flowed into his coffers from every direction. He abandoned the retailing business, and was soon known as head of one of the richest firms in the City of New-York. It was supposed from the old man's preference of Clarissa, that she would be worth quite a *plumb*. Accordingly, her train of adorers was numerous as even she could wish. Yet, unsatisfied being, she would have given them all for one, her sister's lover.



Edward Langton had been the object of many a prudent mother, who wished a rich, rising, handsome son-in-law. Why he did not fall into the meshes of the thousand nets which crossed and surrounded his path, this writer is totally unable to divine. Certainly it is, he escaped them all, and became quite devoted to little Mary Saunderson. All Clarissa's arts to secure him were of no avail. She would seek to appropriate his visits to herself, and monopolize his attention. Never did she look so well, or sing so divinely as in his presence. When he spoke, her ears seemed to catch every word and tone, and his graphic descriptions of foreign countries and manners, where he had traveled, which from any one else would have bored her, she listened to with delight. I do not wonder that the young gentleman caught her fancy; he was certainly what the Kentuckian boatmen call a 'pretty man,' and much more of an Apollo than the hopeful son of Black Hawk. But she was destined to love in vain. Alas for the poor girl! My experience has taught me to sympathize with her. How mysterious is the human heart! We may live for years, ignorant of the unsounded corruptions of our own bosoms, until some circumstance develops them in resistless power. Clarissa, whom Mary's affectionate offices had beguiled into love for her, could not endure the thought of her sister's superior success. All her feelings were transformed. Envy filled her soul. Envy! Envy! Envy in woman, beautiful woman! I was once bending over a rose bush, and inhaling its odors, when my eye discovered beneath it, the upward head and uncoiling form of a rattle snake. I made a hasty retreat, yet, I have seen as deadly serpents since, which did not so startle me. But I can find no image to set forth the wickedness of that unnatural heart, which envies a sister's happiness. Cain, whom the poet describes as seizing a brand from God's own altar and dashing his brother to the dust, Cain was not a more guilty wretch. The mark upon his brow was not blacker, nor more disgraceful, than such a spirit.

It did not require a sagacity like Langton's to perceive the immense moral and intellectual disparity between Clarissa and Mary, the habits of the former in her obedience to impulse, and of the latter in her allegiance to principle, and how far the younger sister was before the elder, in all that sweetens the sympathies, and enhances the happiness of social life. I need not assure the reader that Langton was soon passionately in love, and that it was returned with a fervor and purity, which a young and innocent heart alone can feel. Yet 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' and the assertion of the poet was verified in the present instance. Clarissa, conscious that Langton could never

be her own, resolved that Mary should be thwarted, and adopted a plan to accomplish her object which was, for a time, but too effectual. She availed herself of an opportunity when her sister was alone, and pretending to feel much injured, solemnly assured her that Langton, long before, had been plighted to herself. Upon Mary, who had ever been accustomed to listen with deference to Clarissa, this announcement produced an effect which may be easily imagined. There was a fearful struggle in her bosom, and then, with unnatural composure she wrote Langton that she had discovered his dishonorable conduct, and felt herself bound to dissolve the connexion between them for ever.

When Langton received her communication, he hesitated to credit the testimony of his senses. It assigned no cause,—there was the broad accusation of dishonorable conduct. *What conduct?* Coming from Mary too! 'It must be a forgery, a base forgery' thought the excited youth. 'She who knows my heart, who knows how wholly I love her, who has promised to be mine—she to accuse me thus! Impossible! "Dissolve the connexion!" No! it cannot be. And yet 'tis her own delicate hand. Distraction! I will call. I will see her. I will unravel this accursed mystery.'

Langton did call. He was met at the door with the information that the lady was unwell, so unwell, that she could not do herself the pleasure of seeing her visitor. His gathering fears were confirmed by the averted countenance of Clarissa, who passed through the hall, barely tendering him those attentions which common civility demanded. With a heavy heart he turned from the dwelling.

Clarissa shuddered at her own success. That sister, whose voice, like a pleasantly sounding harp, had filled the house with music, lay upon a bed from which it was feared she would never rise. It may seem strange that baffled love should produce so strong an effect upon an unromantic being, like Mary. Yet he, who attentively considers mankind, and womankind, also, will be satisfied that the young men and women, who are forever lamenting crossed affections, and pining for a pleasant cottage and sweet content, and a heroine or a hero to divide their joy withal, beside various other matters too numerous to mention, either affect what they do not feel, or are the mere children of impulse, and governed by morbid tastes in all their fancies; so that when disappointed, though a hysterical fit may ensue, and some wormwood tears be shed, it by no means rends the strong ties, interwoven with the very existence, which bind a rational mind to an object which reason declares worthy of its esteem. Mary knew and felt that Langton was worthy of her, and she had reposed all

her happiness upon him, but when convinced of her error, she could not recall her love, and the contest was too mighty for her frame. Her cheek was overspread with the burning crimson of fever, she spoke not, save to utter the incoherent wanderings of delirium; now supplicating her sister for an ocean of water to cool her thirst, and then calling on her lover as a murderer. 'Langton, Langton, why tamper thus with me? why entrap an innocent heart only to—to—stab it. Yet, I must love thee. Oh, that bright eye, so full of faith; that lying eye. Turn it from me.'

When the crisis of her sickness had been safely passed, that 'bright eye' met her own once more in reality; Langton was once more by her side, holding her feverish hand, and gazing anxiously upon her reanimated features. Could it have been all a dream? If it was, the interpreter was there, and though the exposition startled her like a thunder-bolt, it dispelled the darkness from her mind, and the overcast sky became again serene and unclouded. And now they would soon be united, and all sorrows, all trials, hope itself be forgotten, in their consummated love.

Whether Clarissa would have renewed her malicious intentions if circumstances had not prevented, we cannot divine. But the tide of her love was turned to a new object. Rumor spoke loudly of a Lord J. who had recently arrived from England, and was the Lion of every circle. It was asserted that he possessed great estates in his native country. He had been a soldier too, as the black patches upon his brow and face testified. Report said he had commanded a Polish regiment. His Lordship however was so modest as to say nothing of it himself. The women were frantic with him. 'A nobleman' thought Clarissa, 'this would realize all my dreams.' And she inwardly resolved to make a prize of him, if he could be conquered. His Lordship condescended to bestow his sweetest smiles upon her. What an honor! How bright an augury of success! Old Saunderson chuckled wonderfully.

In the meantime Mary was preparing for her approaching union. The deferred hope was at length gratified, and the lovely girl became the happy wife of Langton.

Weeks passed away, and the fashionable world was agitated by the intelligence that Lord J. and Miss Clarissa Saunderson were about to unite their hands and fortunes. It was even so. A clergyman, who was a particular friend of his Lordship, performed the binding ceremonies. The happy couple immediately set sail for England, old Saunderson having first presented the noble Bridegroom with a check for a vast amount. Let us follow the gallant ship in which they have embarked. It is evening, and the stately vessel is far beyond the narrows, flying like

a bird over the swells of the ocean. Clarissa is sitting in a sumptuously furnished apartment, Lord J. is at her side. 'Are you sure, my sweet creature, that you love me for myself alone,' said his Lordship. 'A strange question' thought Clarissa, but she only enclasped the form of her lord more closely, and sighed an affirmative. 'Did you ever receive attentions, my dear, from a youth by the name of Pipkin?' 'I! sir, you are pleased to trifle,' said the lady indignantly. 'Oh, pardon me, pardon me, dearest,' said the nobleman, folding her still more ardently to his bosom. 'I only asked; and he is the owner and commander of this ship, you know.' 'Commander of this ship! I have not seen him on board. Where is the wretch?' Lord J. disburthened his head of a very black wig, and his face of very black whiskers and patches, before he answered; and then he whispered in the softest tones imaginable, 'You are in his arms sweet one.'

P. Y.

From the Lady's Book.

### A Sketch of Fashionable Life;

A TALE.

[Concluded.]

Moreton hastily arose; the perspiration started from his forehead; he recollected his own suspicions—the deepest anguish was depicted on his countenance.

'Dear brother,' said Ann, 'you feel this much more keenly than I do; it does not make me unhappy, but for their sakes, as well as my own, I will not obtrude myself into their presence. God has seen fit to send these calamities upon me; to convert this once goodly frame into what it now is; yet still it is the temple of his spirit; as such I will reverence it; I will protect it from indignity, and when dust returns to dust there will be no distinction between that and Isabelle.'

'Ann, my dear Ann,' said Moreton gazing upon her with an expression of love and reverence, 'I solemnly declare I would not exchange you as you are now, for Isabelle with all her pride of beauty.'

'Then I have nothing more to ask for; and now go, brother, and bring Alice.'

When Moreton entered the drawing room at Mrs. Selwyn's, he found Charles and Alice conversing by the window which opened upon the piazza, and Isabelle and Renard seated on the sofa cutting paper into every variety of form.

'I am glad you have come,' said Isabelle. 'We are inventing mamnets—is not that quite enchanting,' added she, holding up a feathered arrow. 'How is dear little Ann this evening?'

Moreton often used this epithet when speaking of his sister, and it was rather one of affection; but in the present state of his

mind it added to his irritability, and he coldly replied, 'She is as well as usual.'

'I declare, Mr. Moreton,' said Isabelle, 'you are so altered of late that I don't know you. Do, Alice, come and tell me if this is really Frank Moreton.'

'I hope,' said he, 'Miss Jones will have no doubt on the subject, as I am commissioned by my sister to run away with her. She sent me to ask you to pass the evening with her?'

'I will go with pleasure,' said Alice, promptly.

'Moreton,' said Isabelle, 'do you know to-morrow is my birth day?'

'I did not know it,' replied he.

'It is,' said she, 'and the very last I ever mean to celebrate—it is sweet nineteen; then comes the dismal twenties, and they must take care of themselves; I shall do nothing for them.'

'Come, Mr. Moreton,' continued she, assuming a smile and expression that she had often found irresistible, 'what are you going to do for me? Mr. Renard has promised me a madrigal, and I must have something appropriate from you.'

'I can think of nothing more appropriate at present,' said Moreton, 'than a paper of bon-bons!'

From Renard such an offering would have been perfectly in character; but Isabelle understood the sarcasm intended.

'Upon second thought, I can't admit such a gloomy looking gentleman to my fete. I shall depend on Monsieur Renard for my amusement.'

Moreton bowed in token of submission, and Renard in token of delight.

Isabelle felt vexed because Moreton discovered no vexation. She set it down, however, to self-command.

'My sister will be impatient for you,' said Moreton, addressing Alice. 'May I hope you will go now?' She immediately arose.

'Stay where you are Frank,' said Charles, 'and I will wait upon Miss Jones.'

'Excuse me,' replied Moreton, 'I received my commission from my sister, and I prefer executing it.'

Alice went to equip herself for the walk—Isabelle sat whispering to Renard.

'What right?' said Charles, in a half angry tone, addressing Moreton, 'have you to rob me of my fair Alice?'

'Your Alice,' repeated Moreton; and then recollecting himself, said, 'none, except by the right of her own will.'

'You promise,' said Isabelle to Renard. Renard answered in a low voice. 'Adieu, then,' said Isabelle, who had collected a few phrases from her French grammar, 'jusque au revoir;' and she presented her fair hand—he bowed low upon it, and disappeared.

At this moment Alice entered. As they

left the room, Isabelle said, 'Mr. Moreton, shall we see you again this evening?'

'I believe I am engaged,' replied he.

'O, so am I, upon second thought;' and she turned haughtily away.

Alice tried to converse cheerfully on their way, but Moreton appeared to have an unusual weight upon his spirits. Once or twice he was on the point of mentioning the conversation he had just had with his sister, but there was a sensitiveness in his feelings that made him shrink from making her misfortunes the subject of discussion. At length he said, 'Do you think Miss Selwyn will be at home this evening, if I return?'

'I believe so,' replied Alice.

'And alone?' added he.

'I know of nobody that will be there,' said she. 'Charles's friend mentioned that he was going to the theatre this evening.'

'I think, then,' replied Moreton, 'I will leave you at the door, and return again. I wish to see Isabelle alone; it is time we understood each other. I will be back in season to see you home.'

'Don't let it be late then,' said Alice, 'for I have promised Isabelle to do something for her before I go to bed.'

They parted at the door, and Moreton returned; he entered Mrs. Selwyn's house without ringing, and went into the room where he had left Isabelle; the lamps were burning, but no one there; the sound of voices on the piazza attracted his attention; and, fully determined, if Isabelle was not alone, to retreat unseen—he listened to ascertain. Isabelle was speaking:

'It is really disinterestedness in me,' said she to urge you to comply with mamma's plan, for you know if Ann don't marry, in all probability, Frank will have the whole of her fortune.'

Moreton stood nailed to the spot.

'Poh! Isabelle, it is too ridiculous; it may do for a joke,' said Charles, 'but you can't seriously suppose I would marry a woman that is not only a cripple, but deformed!'

'I should perfectly agree with you,' said Isabelle, 'if you were obliged to comply with mamma's idea, and turn into a crutch; but the truth is, you may furnish the fair bride with two crutches, and scamper away on your own legs as fast as you please—one thing you are sure of,' added she, laughing, 'she can't run after you.'

'As to what you say of Alice,——' At her name Moreton started; there was a strange confusion in his thoughts; his first idea, however, was to quit the hated spot; he rushed down the stairs, and left the house unseen; his blood was boiling; the image of his gentle, suffering sister, only served to increase the tumult of his spirits; he entered a hotel near, called for a pen and ink, and



wrote a note to Charles Selwyn, requesting to see him immediately on business. The note found him still on the piazza, full of the reckless gaiety of health and spirits, planning with Isabelle ambitious schemes for the future. As soon as he read the note, he repaired to the place appointed, wholly unconscious why he was summoned. Moreton met him with every feature convulsed with anguish.

'When I tell you,' said he, 'that I have accidentally heard the conversation that took place on your piazza this evening, which related to my sister, you may perhaps comprehend why I wished to see you.'

'And what right,' said Selwyn, 'had you to listen to that or any other conversation which was meant to be private?'

'The right it is not now a time to question; it is an explanation I demand, and a promise that you will never again insult her by using her name.'

'My dear fellow,' said Charles, 'you take this matter much too seriously. I am truly sorry you overheard our foolish jesting, because I know, with your quizzical feelings, it must have given you pain; but upon my honor I have the highest respect for your sister. All our bantering arose from a foolish plan of my mother's, that Isabelle communicated to me when I first returned. Now don't look as if you would eat me alive—it was merely that we should make a double marriage in the family, and exchange sisters.'

'Mr. Selwyn,' said Moreton, 'there can be no better opportunity than the present to inform you, and through you, your mother, that from henceforth, I have no claims whatever on Miss Selwyn.'

'You are not serious?' said Charles; 'you surely do not mean to break your engagement with her?'

'I am perfectly so: I shall immediately write to Miss Selwyn, and relieve her from all engagements, if, indeed, she fancies any exist between us.'

'If she fancies!' exclaimed Charles, vehemently, 'Let me tell you, sir, such conduct is not to be borne. You must not hope to escape in this way; if you have been trifling with my sister, you must answer it to me.'

'I will voluntarily explain to you,' said Moreton, with calmness, for they appeared now to have exchanged situations, 'what my feelings have been towards Miss Selwyn: When I first became interested in her, I fully believed we were congenial to each other. I am now fully convinced we are *not*.'

'And you think it honorable to engage a young lady's affections, and then find out you are not congenial?'

'No, if I had succeeded in gaining her affections, I should feel myself *bound* even though I was perfectly convinced we were

uncongenial. But my conscience acquits me on that score. Monsieur Renard has the same claim that I have.'

'Ah,' said Charles, his countenance brightening. 'I begin to understand this matter; it is jealousy, my dear fellow, jealousy that has taken hold of you; a disorder more fatal in its ravages than the cholera; but I predict that you will recover from it: Isabelle is merely amusing herself with the agreeable Frenchman.'

'You are mistaken,' replied Moreton; 'I tell you honestly, that, before your arrival, I had nearly come to this conclusion. Renard has nothing to do with it.'

'Then I tell you as honestly,' said Charles, 'that you are—'

'What?' said Moreton, looking steadfastly at him.

'It is boyish to call names,' replied Charles; 'you must settle this matter with me in another way.'

'If you mean by fighting,' said Moreton, contemptuously, 'I tell you truly, that when I first summoned you to this spot, it was with the idea of washing out with your blood or my own, the unprovoked indignity offered to my sister; but my views have changed on this subject; what I at first thought atrocity in you, I perceive was heartless levity. I know my sister's principles, and love her too well to inflict upon her pure and elevated mind a wound like this. If we fight, either you or I must fall, or our contest may justly be derided as boys' play. I have subdued my indignation so far as not to fight for my own sister, and you may depend upon it,' added he, a slight expression of contempt passing over his face; 'I shall not for yours.'

'Then,' exclaimed Selwyn, 'I will post you as a coward!'

'You will not,' said Moreton, calmly.

'What shall prevent me,' said Selwyn.

'Your own conscience,' replied he, with firmness. 'You know to the contrary. Look at this scar,' added he, baring his temple.

Charles gazed for a moment; a sudden revulsion of feeling came over his versatile mind. 'I remember it well,' said he. 'Yes, Frank, I never shall forget how courageously you stepped forward when an impertinent Frenchman, whom I meant to chastise, had laid me prostrate. He was twice as strong as you were, but you fought like a Dragon. It is the scar of a brave man,' added he, bowing low, but in a playful manner—'I honor it. Upon the whole, Moreton, we had better make the best of this matter: forgive and forget. Isabelle is a little of a coquette, I grant; but she is a fine girl, and will not go a begging; she is able to maintain her ground, and need not interrupt our long friendship; and he held out his hand.

Moreton drew back. 'No,' he replied; 'the unfeeling manner in which my sister has been treated, I never can forget. It is not merely the conversation I have overheard to-night to which I allude: her gentle spirit has long silently borne the meaning glance, the ironical smile, and allusions that added poignancy to the calamity that heaven has laid upon her. Because she did not *resent*, perhaps, you and your sister imagined that she did not *feel*; but it was for my sake that she bore all! No,' added he, striving to suppress his emotion, 'I cannot accept your offered hand. Farewell—when we meet it must be by accident.'

He turned hastily away, and left Charles standing alone. That night Isabelle received the following letter.

'To Miss Selwyn—When you are informed that I was the unwilling auditor of a conversation that passed between your brother and yourself this evening, you cannot be surprised that I withdraw all claims, if you have considered me as having any. I deem you *perfectly free* as relates to myself. You are at liberty, should there be any surmises injurious to a lady's *pride*, to represent this matter as is most agreeable to your feelings. Let me request of you when some other plot is formed for the amusement of your family, to choose some other name than **MORETON**.'

'What a hardened villain!' exclaimed Isabelle, trampling the letter under foot. 'I have long seen he wished to get off—what a mean, low way he has taken!'

'Brother,' said she to Charles, who at that moment entered, 'read this precious epistle.'

'It contains nothing new to me,' said he. 'I have had an interview with Moreton.'

'I hope,' replied she, 'you treated him with the contempt he deserved.'

'Why, yes,' said Charles, 'I believe I did; but some how or other I don't think I made any great figure, and yet I offered to fight him.'

'Did you,' said Isabelle, her eyes sparkling; 'you are a dear soul. What did he say?'

'He said he would not fight for you.'

'A coward!' exclaimed she.

'No! Isabelle,' said Charles, 'he is no coward! I have known him from a boy; he is no coward! even his eye pierces like a dagger. But never mind; you are a fine, dashing girl, let him go, you will find enough other admirers.'

'Oh, brother,' exclaimed she, 'I hope you don't think it is because I have any fear about that, that I am so provoked, or because I have any regard for him. I have long been convinced there was no congeniality between us.'

'Then, after all, Belle,' said Charles, bursting into a laugh, 'you both agree, for he used the same expression, or one much like it.'

'I shall give mamma to understand that I have dismissed him,' said Isabelle, 'for there is no necessity for entering particulars. What shall I say about the *crutch affair*? She will immediately begin to talk about his *idol*, and it must be confessed, in figure, Ann does resemble some of the South Sea deities!'

'For shame, Isabelle,' said Charles, his color rising. 'I am truly sorry for the whole of that affair. I recollect Ann Moreton when she had the lightness and grace of a Sylph, and her hair curled in ringlets round her face which was full of health and gaiety. She was the loveliest child I ever saw; and I could almost shed tears when I think of her.' And his eyes actually filled at the recollection.

'Well,' exclaimed Isabelle, 'I could cry, too, if it would do her any good, and if Moreton had behaved properly; but now, I declare, I hate them all, every one of them, and Alice Jones into the bargain.'

Isabelle found no difficulty in persuading her mother that she had dismissed Moreton. She did not, however, receive this information with her usual acquiescence, but made a spirited remonstrance upon the difficulty of pleasing her, and ended by saying, if she did not take care, she would 'go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last.'

The termination of Alice's visit was much hastened by these events. Isabelle no longer disguised her aversion: but even this was less disagreeable than Charles's gallantry, and the consequent anxiety of Mrs. Selwyn. She wrote to her mother, and hinted that she had evidently become an unwelcome guest, and in a few days she was sent for home.

Isabelle had a natural shrewdness of character, which led her soon to detect, under her brother's assumed indifference, a strong interest for Alice. To combat this she exercised all the sarcasm of her powers: sneers and innuendoes were not wanting. About six months after her departure, he frankly told Isabelle that he was going to see the *little Jones*. 'I am sick of style and fashion,' said he; 'you dashing girls frighten a man out of matrimony.'

Isabelle communicated this intelligence to her mother. The following letter was immediately despatched.

'My Dear Mrs. Jones—I write a few lines wholly unknown to my son. Isabelle thinks he intends visiting your daughter Alice. She also thinks he has some design of marrying her. I think it but right to tell you that he has other engagements, and that neither Isabelle nor I can consent. I shall esteem it a great favor if you will not let him know of this letter, but act accordingly. With great regard, your's

MARY SELWYN.

P. S. Best remembrance to Mr. Jones and dear Alice.'

In a few days the following answer was returned:

'Dear Madam—Should your son visit us, I shall receive him with that politeness which is his due. As to any apprehension of his breaking (on my daughter's account) his engagements, you may rest perfectly easy. Mr. Moreton and his sister have been with us the past week. You will see by the public prints that the former was united to Alice last evening. We all return your remembrances, and wish you and your son and daughter every happiness.

ELIZABETH JONES.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### Reflections.

WHAT emotions swell the bosom of the virtuous and feeling man, in casting a retrospective glance over the past and in enumerating those who remain of the many, with whom he associated in the halcyon days of his early life; when existence seemed one successive scene of enjoyment, and as day after day, glided swiftly away, brighter and more lovely prospects, arrayed in all the charms that youthful ardor could imagine, presented themselves but to mock the cold realities, which eventually were to follow. When the ear was delighted by the Syren song of pleasure, the eye pleased with the rich luxuriance that clustered profusely around the smiling perspective of life and the senses regaled by the sweet fragrance that seemed wafted on every breeze, to give delight. When manhood appeared a peaceful haven opened to receive the thoughtless youth into its bosom, when all was adorned with the verdure of the Spring-time of life and not a cloud sullied the lustre, that rested on his path.

How vast is the change; how great the difference, between that period and the present. Then, all was bright and blooming. Earth seemed a paradise made for man's enjoyment, and with no care to ruffle the peaceful serenity of a calm bosom, no sorrows to afflict us, nor clouds to obscure the sunshine of existence, and intent upon accomplishing objects of but inferior importance, the mind was occupied in pursuits calculated to interest and delight. But now the scene is altered. Other things besides the insignificant objects, which then engrossed our sole attention, now attract us; and instead of pursuing the 'even tenor of our way' without molestation, we find a thousand little cares and sorrows, to harass and vex us. Every step we advance seems strewed with difficulties, and business and vexations crowd thick upon us.

Vividly do I remember the day when I left college, to commence my professional studies,

and when memory presents before me the associations connected with that period, my heart is impressed with melancholy sensations. So many endearing connexions, were then broken that I shall never cease to consider it a dark day in my history, I was separated from those whom I sincerely cherished as companions and friends, and from some forever.

The day previous, the usual exercises had been finished. The farewell address had been pronounced, and methinks I see the graceful person of Frederick Norton, in the course of his remarks, tracing the progress of man through life, and depicting with the manly eloquence, for which he was always celebrated, the duties which were incumbent on him to perform and the cares and troubles with which he must contend. The Orator in an energetic manner, bade adieu to his fellow Students, and never before, or since, have I been more affected by a partial scene. Every heart was subdued, and those who had marked their career by a dissipated course of conduct, were evidently mortified and grieved. There was a momentary gush of feeling which overpowered all the other passions.

That day, to those which had preceded it, was like a dark and impenetrable cloud gathering over the shining surface of the sun. The day succeeding the commencement, all was bustle and confusion, and every individual was preparing to depart from the fostering protection of an Institution, so dear to all its alumni. A group assembled around the door which opened in the hall and were discussing matters which related to their departure; promising to keep up an intercourse by epistolary correspondence. Their countenances looked gloomy and sad and the beholder could easily designate that it was no trivial matter that they were thus canvassing. It seemed indeed difficult to sever the ties of Friendship under circumstances of so peculiar a character. But we could not tarry, already had the vehicle prepared to convey us away announced the hour of departure and with a heart ready to burst with feeling, I cast a lingering look on the majestic buildings I was leaving. I thought of the connexions I had thus broken, of the friends against whom I had so frequently been arrayed in the combat for intellectual ascendancy, and of the strife for superiority, which had called forth the latent energies of the mind to action and roused the flame of intellect.

Again and again I gaze at the receding walls of my alma mater, I felt like one who is departing from his native land to foreign climes, and who devours with greedy glances its receding cliffs and shores, thinking that it may be the last time he shall ever view the spot where live all the fond objects of his affection.



Years have since rolled away, and when free from the business of my profession, I will occasionally endeavor to ascertain the fate of the friends of my early life. Some are sleeping in the solitude of the grave, as I am informed by the announcement of their deaths in the public journals of the day; others again, if alive, I know not where they are. Some have ascended the lofty eminence of Fame, and are now reaping the rewards of their exertions in the Spring-time of life, by having the Summer of their days crowned with prosperity and success. Others are afflicted by adversity, and drag out a sorrowful existence, without one cheering ray of hope to enliven the gloom that enshrouds them, and many, but too many, neglecting the duties which they owed to society, have passed a short and worthless life in infancy, and as a consequence of their conduct, died in obscurity and shame.

When I see the ravages Time has made in their once familiar visages, and behold them scattered like the fallen leaves of Autumn before the chilling blast—when I contrast the appearance which they once exhibited with what they now are, I cannot but feel melancholy. The difference between their youth and manhood is as wide and striking as that between a beautiful flower, when decked in the soft attire of nature and emitting the sweetest fragrance, and when, withered and faded, its aspect is altered and it exhibits but a faint picture of its former loveliness. M.

## MISCELLANY.

**WORTHY OF IMITATION.**—By an institution of an ancient legislature, whoever proposed a new law, was obliged to come into the senate-house with a rope about his neck, and remain in that situation during the debate. If the law was approved of he was set at liberty; but if it was negatived, he was immediately strangled.

**DESPERATE ECONOMY.**—In a town not far from Glasgow, one of the Baillies, while engaged with some of the Members of the Board of Health in superintending the fitting up of a temporary Hospital, exclaimed—'O, it'll be desperate if that Cholera di'na come here after we've been at sae muckle trouble and expense for it!'

A GENTLEMAN hearing the death of another—'I thought,' said he to a person in company, 'that Tom Wilson's fever had gone off?' 'O yes,' replied the latter, 'I did say so, but I forgot to mention that he was gone off along with it.'

A HIGH BID.—A Tar, half seas over swagging into an auction room, and hearing the auctioneer bawling out two or three times,

'who bids more than nine pence?' asked, 'May we bid what we please?' 'Oh yes,' said he, 'any thing you please sir,' 'Why then,' said Jack, 'I bid you a good night, and be hanged to you.'

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1833.

**OUR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.**—It is often and very sneeringly remarked, 'Hudson will never recover from the slumber into which it has fallen. The summer-like days of her commercial prosperity have passed, and public spirit and public pride are buried with no prospect of resurrection.' It is unnecessary to recapitulate the facts which have shewn the falsity of these observations. We do not mean, at the present time, to cross a lance with those adventurous knight errants who make it a point, on all occasions, to assail our ancient City; this we may do, when our leisure will permit us to enter the lists, and silence the calumnies of all gainsayers. Our object now is, while the tide of enterprise within our borders is rising, and swelling into so expansive a stream; while our citizens are looking about them for objects of improvement, and are not only able, but willing to expend their means in the public good, humbly to suggest a channel where their efforts might be most usefully directed. We mean, the *improvement of our public buildings*. With the exceptions of the Lunatic Asylum and the Bank, there is not a single edifice among them which is honorable to the City. This is a sweeping remark, but no one doubts or denies its truth. Let us take for instance the Court-House, occupying a prominent position in Warren-street, thronged, during the terms of Court, by the inhabitants of this and adjacent counties, an object of intense curiosity to the traveler who has heard that there a Van Ness, a Spencer, a Van Buren, a Grosvener, and last, but not least of the shining group, a Williams, have earned their immortality; and while we realize what such a building should be, we blush when we see what it is. A large, unsymmetrical, decaying pile, from the exterior surface of which the paint has been obliterated long since, the ceilings of which are cracking, and the timbers trembling like the limbs of an ague patient, or the shrunk bones of Ezekiel's valley. Will the board of Supervisors permit such a structure to stand? If something is not done speedily, the trouble of demolishing it will be saved; it will come down of its own accord; the very swallows, whose countless tribes have tenanted its belfrey for years, are forsaking it. 'Twill make a monstrous gap in the legal profession, should it fall in term time. Why may not that piece of ordnance, vulgarly ycleped a nine pounder, which stands before the market, with its greedy mouth directed to these Halls of Justice, be employed with effect? We must likewise enter our remonstrance against the location of a gaol in front of our principal thoroughfare, and suggest a speedy removal. Our churches are also in a miserable condition. Every strong wind shakes their steeples, and enters within doors most unceremoniously. There is nothing of architectural finish, or even comfort about them. The same remarks may apply to our Academies. Fellow citizens, shall these things be? It has been said that 'the public buildings of a city are its ornament or disgrace.' Let us weigh well the truth of this remark, and be up and doing.

### Our Schools.

**HUDSON ACADEMY.**—This institution has been of long continuance, and has ever maintained a respectable standing. At present, there is a large number of scholars. Mr. James W. Frisbie, the Principal, is eminently calculated to discharge the duties of his calling. His success has been very commendable. The Academy is situated at a short distance from the compact part of the City, upon a magnificent hill, from the summit of which four states may be distinctly seen. To all parents here and elsewhere, who wish to combine for their sons the advantages of moral, mental, and physical discipline, the Hudson Academy addresses itself with strong claims.

**HUDSON CLASSICAL SEMINARY.**—Was established more than a year since, under the superintendence of Mr. E. Bradbury, now a tutor in Amherst College. The present

instructor is Mr. Marbury, a gentleman from Alexandria, D. C. His reputation is deservedly high.

**THE LANCASTER SCHOOL.**—Comprises upwards of two hundred scholars. Great efforts have been made to sustain this noble charity. Its trustees are vigilant and energetic. The teacher, Mr. B. C. Macy, devotes himself with a laudable zeal to his arduous duties.

Among the minor seminaries by no means scarce among us, the popular schools for small children, taught by Miss Hotchkiss, and Miss Hathaway, are particularly worthy of notice. The original method of instruction adopted by these teachers, has resulted in developing the understandings of their pupils at an early age, and directing the curiosity of the young mind to useful knowledge. We wish them all success.

**LITERARY PREMIUMS.**—The publishers of the 'Saturday Courier,' Philadelphia, offer the following PREMIUMS:—'To the Author of the best ORIGINAL TALE, TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.—To the Author of the best ORIGINAL POEM, of suitable length for publication in the Saturday Courier, FIFTY DOLLARS.'—This is holding forth a handsome incentive to the exertion of literary talent. Our literary friends, and others, who wish to become competitors for the premiums, must forward their contributions on or before the 15th of December.

### To Correspondents.

Our friend M. and our friend M. I. F. will perceive the slight alterations we have deemed it advisable to make. It is a liberty we intend to take when occasion demands it. 'The Child's request' is a silly thing for one, who can write well, as we are sure its author can. It is altogether too childish for our columns.

T. and X. Y. 'Lines on Don Quixotte,' 'The Dying Boy,' 'Letter to a Friend,' 'The Mississippian,' 'Critique on the introductory address of Mr. T. Flint, in the Knickerbacker,' 'Strictures upon an article in the Repository of 12th Oct. headed the Life to Come,' 'Samuel's Address to Sarah, &c. &c. are declined, with a petition to their authors for quarter; we have had enough of their fulsome, 'dreamy,' 'silvery,' 'moonlit' stuff; we wish no more of it. If, however, they are determined to pester us, they must all pay their postage, as the most of them do, or their communications will be transmitted to Washington, for the edification of the Post-Master General, and the clerks of his Department. In conclusion we would remark, as our garret is nearly full of miscellaneous productions, we intend establishing a *semi-monthly bonfire*, for the consumption of the superfluous produce with which our files are overstocked.

The article on Taste, contrary to our intentions, does not appear in the present number. We regret it much, and will insert it, with many thanks to its able writer, in our next. Also Obadiah and X.

F. R. H. informs us that 'The Pilgrim' published in our last, 'has been in his scrap book for years.' We are all liable to be imposed upon, but we have no doubt that N. B. was the author of the piece, and has inadvertently sent it, forgetting that it had been once printed.

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

E. Billard, Mottville, N. Y. \$0.75; M. Cunningham, Minerva, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. Chamberlin, New-York, \$1.00; W. Francis, Bristol, N. Y. \$1.00; J. McKinstry, Livingston, N. Y. \$2.52; B. More, Sauquoit, N. Y. \$0.81; N. Brown, Henrietta, N. Y. \$3.00.

### SUMMARY.

Calvin Edson, known as the Living Skeleton, weighed, at the time of his death, 45 pounds.

Mr. Weston, of Duxbury, is said to be the largest ship owner in the United States. Duxbury is quite a small place containing only about 2700 inhabitants.

Mr. Cooper.—The Novelist, is now on his way home in the Caledonia, first of October packet, from Liverpool.

The ports of the Black Sea are open for the importation of corn, duty free, in consequence of a scarcity in the south of Russia.

Proposals for building the contemplated large Hotel in Broadway, New-York, are invited by Mr. Astor.

### MARRIED.

In Canaan, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ebor Tucker, Mr. Elam A. Dean, to Miss Laury Ann Flint, all of the above place.

At Athens, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Rumpf, Mr. John Hallenbeck, to Miss Anna Maria Clough.

In Royalton, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Crabb, Mr. Eli C. Dunham, of Lockport, to Miss Elizabeth A. Chambers, of Royalton.

### DIED.

In this city, on Saturday the 28th ult. Alanson Austin, in the 23d year of his age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## Life's Changes.

He was a *child*—his flaxen hair  
O'er his clear brow in ringlets flowing,  
His cheek, as Parian marble fair,  
Now blanched with thought—with ardor glowing,—  
Joy sparkled in his deep dark eyes,  
Joy gave his step an airy lightness,  
Joy bade in sleep the dreamer rise  
And rove mid scenes of heav'nly brightness.

He was a *youth*—his pensive eye  
Spoke much of visions gay departed,  
His curling lip and clouded brow  
Breathed scorn for false and hollow hearted;  
Yet still were Siren voices heard,  
Fame nerved his arm for deeds of daring,  
Love uttered many a precious word,  
And checked his spirit from despairing.

He was a *man*—how altered now!  
Pale was his brow—his soul congealing,  
Forbade the heart's warm tides to flow;  
And stagnate was the fount of feeling—  
Fancy her airy wand had lost,  
Experience told a tame dull story,  
Love's bower was sear—to nothing toss'd  
His dreams of pleasure, power and glory! E. M. L.

For the Rural Repository.

## To Religion.

Oh sweet religion! thy all cheering power  
Is like the sun-beam on the drooping flower;  
Thou cheer'st the exile from his country torn,  
And wip'st away the tears of those who mourn.

In palace and in hovel thou'rt the same,—  
In a high rank, or in an injured name;  
Thou still dost soothe the troubled, care-worn breast,  
And lull the sorrows of the heart to rest,

When swiftly sped is keen affliction's dart—  
And surely aimed, it rankles in the heart;  
Thou, like a guardian angel, hovering round,  
Extract'st the dart, and heal'st the gushing wound.

When life's last surge is ebbing from the shore,  
And death's dark gulf begins its dreadful roar;  
Thou, with thy Master's words, wilt calm the deep,  
And bid the murm'ring, raging billows sleep.

PHILANDER.

For the Rural Repository.

## The Demon of Pestilence.

I come—I come!—on the balmy breeze,  
With subtil, poison breath,  
From eastern climes I cross the seas,  
Chanting the dirge of Death:

Maiden! My wand hath touched thy brow;  
Stern Warrior! Pause! and yield thee now!

I come—I come!—with the morning light,  
With the sun's first, ruddy ray,  
In silent hour of the deep midnight  
And fervid glare of day.

I come!—nor pause on the mountain's top  
To plume my weary wing,

But the noblest flowers from earth I crop,  
And corrupt each healthful Spring.

I come—I come!—God gave me birth!  
Hast heard! the stern decree?

Go forth! humble the haughty of earth!  
Make monarchs bend the knee.

Physician! canst thou raise the brow,  
My icy hand hath frozen now?  
I haste me on!—mid the joyous throng,  
The lovely of the earth;  
And hushed is the voice of noisy song  
Within the dome of Mirth:  
I'll stay my flight and fold my wing  
When time has ceased his journeying. M. L. F.  
Henrietta, September, 1833.

From the Boston Recorder.

## Trouble Every Where.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

I saw on shelt'ring stem  
A bud of being grow,  
And sport its infant diadem,  
As if to laugh at woe.  
Methought its little span was blest,  
And bright with rain-bow hue;  
From cradle-dream, to love's fond breast,  
The only change it knew:  
But pain its fluttering eye-lids seal'd,  
Pale grew its visage fair,  
And life's scarce open'd scroll reveal'd  
The trouble every where.

I saw a form of grace,  
The gayest of the gay,  
And those who gazed upon her face  
Felt sadness melt away.  
There was strange witchery in her wile;  
And toward her home I prest,  
Believing they who shar'd her smile,  
Must be supremely blest:  
And from her secret cell, a sound  
Burst forth of deep despair;  
For e'en that light young heart had found  
The trouble every where.

Behold manhood tower'd along  
With stately step and high,  
The tallest mid a lordly throng,  
In unblench'd majesty.  
But when the public eye no more  
Upon his glories fed,  
The passion-struggle shook him sore,  
Till his torn bosom bled;  
And darkly o'er his features stole  
Misanthropy and care,  
The witness of his warring soul  
To trouble every where.

A mother in her bower,  
Young plants for heaven prepares;  
A holy purpose is her dower,  
A docile spirit theirs.  
And here, methinks, doth surely spring  
Some fount of dregless joy,  
The rose that hath no rankling sting,  
The bliss without alloy.  
I heard her from her lone recess  
Uplift the bitter prayer,  
And wrung with agony confess  
There's trouble every where.

Even thus the book divine  
Our stranger-course doth warn,  
Of objects that delusive shine,  
Of flowers that hide the thorn:  
Still its unerring precepts show  
That, as the sparks ascend,

So man is born to pain and woe,  
Till time's brief journey end.  
And He, whose grace our souls can lead  
With heaven-taught strength to bear,  
Hath in a Father's love decreed  
This trouble every where. L. H. S.

From Friendship's Offering for 1834.

## Early Days.

On! give me back my early days,  
The fresh springs and the bright  
That made the course of childhood's ways  
A journey of delight

Oh! give me back the violet blue,  
The woodbine and the rose,  
That o'er my early wanderings threw  
The fragrance of repose.

And give me back the glittering stream  
The fountain and the dew,  
That neither day nor nightly dream  
Can ever more renew.

I would give all that tears have bought,  
Of wisdom, wealth, or love,  
For one sweet hour of early thought  
This sordid world above—

One happy flight, away, away,  
On wings of tameless power  
One golden morn, one glorious day,  
In childhood's rosy bower—

One sail upon that summer sea,  
Whose passing storms are all  
Light winds that blow more merrily,  
And dewy showers that fall.

But ah! that summer sea no more  
Shall bear me gaily on;  
My bark lies on the weary shore,  
My fluttering sails are gone.

'Tis not that hope her radiant bow  
No longer bends on high,  
But light has faded from her brow,  
And splendor from her sky.

'Tis not that pleasure may not bring  
Fresh gladness in my breast,  
But I am worn with wandering  
To find a home of rest.

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